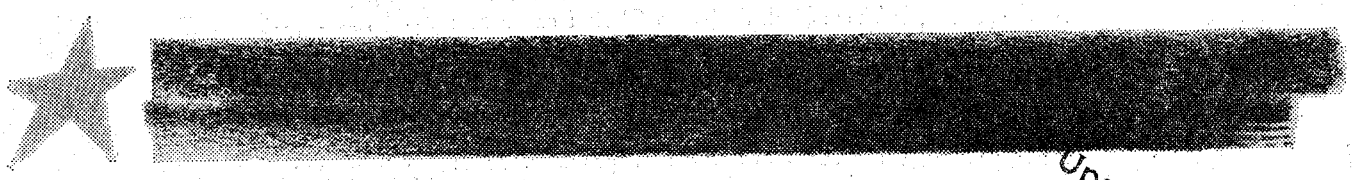
THE
NATION

JANUARY 17, 1959 . . 25c



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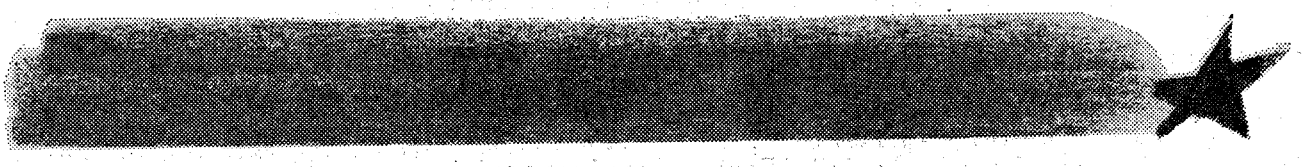
CUBA:
REVOLUTION WITHOUT GENERALS

by Carleton Beals

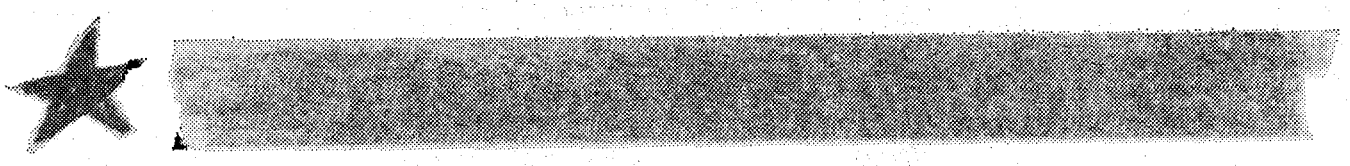


THE KISSING CASE

by George L. Weissman

EAST OF MAGNA CHARTA

by David Thomson



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LETTERS

The Letter but Not the Spirit

Dear Sirs: Thank you for printing our letter on the regrettable practice the three Washington newspapers follow of listing real estate ads by race [see December 27 issue]. I said then that the papers had refused to print any discussion of the problem. I think it is only fair, therefore, to tell you that since you ran the letter, the Washington *Post-Times-Herald* has accepted and printed a letter of protest from our group. I have no way of knowing if publication in *The Nation* prompted publication in the *Post*, but I am very ready to give you all the credit.

MARVIN CAPLAN
Pres., Neighbors, Inc.

P.S. Unfortunately, the *Post* and the others *still* segregate the ads.

Washington, D.C.

Faked Signature

Dear Sirs: It has been brought to my attention that someone with a poor sense of humor has written a letter to your magazine to which the name "Norma H. Hobson" was signed. This is my name except that the final "n" has been dropped from "Norman." The letter published in your issue of December 3, related to the revealing article by Margaret L. Coit, "An Incident in Massachusetts," which appeared in your magazine on November 15. May I take this opportunity to salute Miss Coit for her courageous article and *The Nation* for publishing it.

Upon my oath as Town Clerk of West Newbury, I swear there is no such person in West Newbury as "Norma H. Hobson." I will not waste my time or your space trying to characterize the type of person who would distort a name and attempt to mislead the public. It is unfortunate that such a fraud was perpetrated on this national magazine.

The reason for the fraud? Perhaps Mr. Warburton's backers are still "burned up" over a letter I wrote to the local press during the final days of the campaign of Warburton vs. Elwell. It brought into the open something which Warburton and his cronies wanted forgotten for all time.

The charges contained in the fraudulently signed letter to you are ridiculous. Far from being a "formidable opponent" of school and zoning programs, Mr. Elwell, as the Town Record shows, was a member of the original Regional School Planning Committee, and advocated zoning as far back as 1937.

Primary day figures showed that 40 per cent of the total West Newbury voting populace turned out for Mr. Elwell, while in Mr. Warburton's home town only 17 per cent came out for "Buzz."

Mr. Elwell's achievements in behalf of the Town of West Newbury are all a matter of record available to any citizen in the Town Clerk's office in Town Hall. As Town Clerk I can attest to the fact that his record is a good one. Mr. Warburton's record at the State House is sad by comparison. In her article, Miss Coit represented these records truthfully and properly. It is unfortunate that every voter in the Second Essex District could not read Miss Coit's story prior to Primary Day. If they had, the race between Warburton and Elwell might have had a different outcome.

NORMAN H. HOBSON, Town Clerk

West Newbury, Mass.

Sacco and Vanzetti

Dear Sirs: I couldn't imagine a better way of starting the New Year than by reading Ralph Colp's article on Vanzetti entitled "Bitter Christmas," which appeared in your issue of December 27. The article, combined with the same author's essay on Sacco which appeared in your August 16 issue, would make an admirable pamphlet. I hope that such a pamphlet will one day be published.

LARRY SPERBER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Banner Weeks

Dear Sirs: The last week of November and all of December was a banner period for *The Nation*. I can't remember so many consecutive issues that I found so consistently interesting. At best, they were a good deal better than interesting.

For example, Robert Hatch's review [December 20] of *The Voyages of Joshua Slocum* is one of the few reviews I have ever read that made me want to go out and buy the book. I did, and having bought it, bought copies for some other people. I expect this book will simplify my shopping for some time to come. It is an education to read it.

Kenneth Rexroth's review [December 13] of *The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh* equally aroused my curiosity, though whether enough to overcome the obstacle of a $50 tab, time will tell.

Carl Dreher ["Missile Madness," December 13] was good as always. This is an original and stimulating writer, with some of the pungency that, for me, makes Milton Mayer worth reading and saving. Dan Wakefield ["Heading Into Space," December 6] was good. David Cort ["All Alone in the Super-Market," November 22] was at his best. Other articles were excellent.

JOHN HOLT

Boston, Mass.

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Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1959
VOLUME 188, NUMBER 3

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Communications in the Cold War

It is now revealed (by Chalmers M. Roberts in the Washington *Post*) that Anastas I. Mikoyan's visit to the United States was already in Khrushchev's mind during the eight-hour Humphrey-Khrushchev conversation of last December. At one point during the talk, Khrushchev called in Mikoyan and suggested that he might go to the United States. Humphrey was careful at the time to give no sign of approval or disapproval, but undoubtedly he passed this information on to the President.

Khrushchev's choice of Mikoyan as a forerunner was a shrewd one. That Mikoyan has something to say is proved by the length of his interview with Secretary Dulles — ninety minutes, despite the fact that the Secretary was ill. The conversation with Nixon appears to have been as cordial as could be expected under the circumstances. In Cleveland, Mikoyan spoke under the sponsorship of Cyrus S. Eaton and seems to have been extraordinarily effective. *The New York Times* reports that one industrialist said with feeling, "There is a real salesman." Another, describing himself as "just about the most anti-Communist businessman you can find," said, "I have been following his arguments, trying to tear them to pieces. But I have decided he is telling the truth." Indeed the one churlish note came, as might be expected, from George Meany, who can always be relied upon to give a demonstration of bad manners, stupid thinking and rough rhetoric on such occasions.

The specific items Khrushchev is interested in — negotiations on Germany, a summit meeting of some sort, rapprochement through trade — are only beginning to emerge. But the over-all significance of his visit is already clear. It is an attempt to improve communications between Moscow and Washington. And, once again, the initiative had to come from Moscow. It may turn out to be a sensible idea. For scientists, teachers, businessmen, farmers, to visit back and forth is excellent, but one member of the Central Committee or the top bureaucracy has more influence (and often more ingrained dogmatism) than any number of ordinary citizens. Once convinced, a top man can do proportionately more to improve communications, and do it faster. It might not be a bad plan to invite *all* the members of the top Communist hierarchy to see what the United States is really like — provided, of course, that they come one at a time.

Testing the Climate

The die-hard, static, conservative view is that relations between the Soviet Union and the West cannot and should not be improved. This attitude is strongly influenced by military considerations; as George Kennan has pointed out, the ideal military posture is one of intransigence. It is also influenced by commercial considerations: in general, armaments take up the slack of the Western economies, while imposing a heavy burden on the less advanced economies of the East. All this adds up to opposing attitudes regarding the potentialities of East-West trade. The would-be peacemakers, such as Cyrus Eaton (now customarily referred to as the "controversial industrialist"), are bullish on trade between the two blocs, while respectable, non-controversial Western businessmen consider it a snare, a delusion and a Red plot.

The present facts support the "respectable" view. In the first nine months of 1958, American imports from the Soviet Union came to less than $14 million and exports to a little over $1 million. But it is preposterous that two countries as large and diversified as the United States and the USSR should have nothing to gain, mutually, by commercial intercourse. The existing condition is not natural, but artificial — a by-product of the Cold War. Professor Harold J. Berman, in a letter in *The New York Times* of January 8, criticizes "our inability to think in terms of mutual advantage — our propensity to assume that anything which helps the Russians hurts us." With our usual negativism, we turned down Khrushchev's overtures of last June for an expansion of trade.

Whether the West can afford to keep up these insurmountable barriers is questionable. The fact is that Eastern European output is increasing, while that of the West is lagging. The year-end survey of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe makes depressing reading on this side of the Iron Curtain. The

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case of West Germany is especially illustrative. The "economic miracle" of the Federal Republic produced only a 3 per cent increase in industrial output in 1958, as compared with a 5.7 per cent gain in 1957 and a phenomenal jump of 15 per cent in 1955. In the United States a leading economic prognosticator, the *Wall Street Journal's* George Shea, describes the whole picture as one "of an economic system which for the fourth or fifth year in succession is going to show no growth." It may be that the Russians will prove themselves able to stand economic apartheid better than we can. This surmise may have been in the minds of the Cleveland industrialists who listened to First Deputy Premier Mikoyan so attentively.

Lunik and Troika

The Russians esteem themselves as great innovators, but in diplomacy they have scarcely emerged from the nineteenth century. In the art of combining threat, propaganda, exploratory maneuver and invitation to negotiate, they show all the subtlety of a halfback plunging through center from the one-yard line. Or, not to vary the metaphor too much, in launching lunik, now sunik, at the precise time when Anastas Mikoyan was exercising his Armenian blandishments, they threw a forward pass into the outstretched arms of Lyndon Johnson, who will surely carry it for a few billions in appropriations for military research in astronautics.

Lunik-sunik does demonstrate anew that the USSR remains ahead of the United States in missilery, and so it may impress some of the neutrals. It also gives Russian engineers and military men a pleasant feeling of omnipotence. But everyone knows, also, that the use of nuclear-nosed rockets in war will result in general annihilation; Mikoyan himself said as much in one of his speeches. And everyone who knows anything about technology knows that the lead constantly changes. The margin between the two contenders in the technological war is not very wide; the resources of both are so great that neither can be defeated. Thus, whatever the Russians gained by being first in orbit around the sun, they lost in giving new strength to our we-can-afford-whatever-we-have-to military spenders.

In contrast, Khrushchev's presentation of a troika to Cyrus Eaton is good propaganda and good diplomacy. Almost every American newspaper printed a picture of the carriage and the three splendid stallions. To older Americans it recalls the horse-drawn fire engines of the century's teens, while the young who have never seen a horse show on television will be introduced to a quadruped they may have thought to be extinct. The attendant publicity has been enormous and pleasant all around. As between luniks and troikas, we'll take a troika every time, and if Senator Johnson should wish to purchase a few for the Air Force, we shall not object.

The Shaky Dictatorships

The flight of Batista before Castro's bearded hosts (see page 43) throws a bizarre light on a recent bit of Caribbean diplomacy — the anti-Communist pact signed on the Dominican-Haitian border by the area's two remaining dictators, Trujillo and Duvalier. The meeting of these chieftains, who between them control the island of Hispaniola, is not without musical-comedy aspects, but there are serious overtones. Among the many who flocked to Castro's banner are some Dominican revolutionaries, exiled from their own country, who are reported to have received Castro's promise that, in due time, he would help them against Trujillo. The "soft underbelly" of the Dominican Republic is undoubtedly neighboring Haiti; by signing a pact with Duvalier, Trujillo laid the groundwork for bolstering the enfeebled Haitian Army with his own troops to prevent landings from Cuba.

The next few months may be momentous for the Caribbean, and especially for Hispaniola. Neither Duvalier nor Trujillo will be able to withstand any thrust against their dictatorships that enlists the active backing of the Cuban people.

A Mischievous Formula

In a brief filed in the case of William L. Greene, now pending before the Supreme Court, the American Civil Liberties Union has taken a position on the vexing problem of anonymous informers that, in our view, ducks the central issue. A former vice president of a Maryland corporation engaged in defense work, Greene lost his job when the government took away his security clearance. The charges largely concerned his former wife, who was accused of having had some left-wing associations.

At the hearing the government produced no witnesses but quoted at some length from reports of informants who were identified only as "friends" and "neighbors." Counsel for Greene argues that the finding against his client should be set aside, since he never had a chance to confront and cross-examine the witnesses against him. The government argues that it should not be forced to make a choice between clearing Greene and disclosing highly secret information. As friend of the court, the ACLU suggests that it is only where the informants are professional government witnesses, and not, as in this case, mere "amateurs," that their identity need be concealed.

But there is no reason why this mischievous exception should be conceded, even by inference. The ACLU argument may help Greene secure a reversal in the particular case, but a vital issue is at stake. The right of cross-examination is based on the theory that even the most truthful person can be mistaken. The proposed rationale suggests that if a witness is engaged in the

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business of informing, then the presumption is that he is both truthful and accurate. But the presumption is exactly the opposite; surely the testimony of the paid informer should be accepted with greater caution than that of the amateur, who may be truly disinterested. The records in security and similar proceedings of the last decade are replete with instances in which the unreliability of testimony given by professional informers has been demonstrated.

The ACLU should reconsider its proposed formula before it is accepted; the FBI, however much it might like to protect the identity of all informers, would probably be delighted to settle for a rule that protected the identity of the professional. In addition to being spurious, the distinction for which the ACLU contends sidesteps the main issue. It has yet to be demonstrated that the price of security necessarily includes the calculated risk that innocent citizens may be done a lasting injustice without due process of law. And if that were the price, it would be too high.

Is Gossip News?

Marie Torre, the New York *Herald Tribune* television columnist, has gone to jail for ten days rather than reveal the source of a statement allegedly made to her by a CBS official, which statement became the basis for libel action against the broadcasting corporation.

We salute Miss Torre for upholding a basic tenet of journalism — that freedom of the press implies the right of a reporter to protect the source of his information. We wish, however, that she were taking her stand on a more edifying example of her craft.

What happened last October was as follows: CBS was known to be having a dispute with Judy Garland. Miss Torre, on a fishing expedition, phoned someone at Columbia to ask what cooked. And this individual popped off to the effect that Miss Garland was "known for a highly developed inferiority complex" and that she "did not want to work because something is bothering her." When this was published, Miss Garland felt that her professional reputation had been damaged, and she sued.

What Miss Torre printed was not news; it was a bad-tempered personal evaluation of a sort not subject to proof. It offered at least good grounds for a libel action, and yet the plaintiff is frustrated in her suit because she cannot discover who maligned her. Reporters enjoy their "privilege" by analogy with doctors, lawyers and priests; they do not hold it by law. And, although freedom of the press is always a persuasive defense, they will not hold it in fact unless they exercise enough self-restraint to avoid becoming the shields of community gossips and common scolds.

REVOLUTION WITHOUT GENERALS.. *Carleton Beals*

Carleton Beals, veteran correspondent, lecturer and author of a score of books on South America and the islands of the Caribbean, is now in Havana to cover the Castro revolution and the new era which it presages for Cuba. Old-time readers of *The Nation* will recall Mr. Beals's outstanding articles in this magazine on the invasion of Nicaragua by the U.S. Marines in 1927; thirty years later (June 29, 1957), he reported from Havana on the early stages of the Castro revolt. In the intervening years, Mr. Beals has covered every major event in the continuing struggle of Latin Americans for freedom and independence. — ED.

Havana, January 9

FIDEL CASTRO, completing his triumphant tour of Cuba, entered this capital not on the traditional white horse, but herding a captured fleet of tanks along the edge of the city. The long parade avoided the city's center and the National Palace, where President Urrutia and his Cabinet have been working day and night. The noisy vehicles were herded into Camp Columbia, Castro's new residence; and there his first official act was to receive the mothers of boys who had been killed, under his command, in the battle for the Moncada Barracks in Santiago more than five years ago.

Neither police nor soldiers were on the line of march — only the July 26 youth who, with their long, black beards made this city look as if it were a Mecca for Biblical prophets. These are the "People's Militia" who have taken over from Batista's army, many of whose officers now languish in jail pending trial. "The military caste has been eliminated," Castro has announced. "This revolution hasn't produced one general, nor will it. Within days we will use our planes to rain shoes, clothing, food and pledges of land reform upon the peasants of Oriente Province. Our planes will be symbols of love and not of terror."

Of the U.S. Military Mission to Batista, Cuba's new leader said: "Nothing it taught the Cuban Army had any value; it merely assured the triumph of the revolution."

And meanwhile the revolution sweeps on in many directions. Pro-Batista labor leaders have been ousted from the unions and democratic elections have been promised the rank-and-file. The judges of Batista's Emergency Court have been jailed pending trial. These are days of great promises and great hopes.

CASTRO's prolonged Messianic resistance against the military tyrant enjoying military aid (except for the

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last few months) from the United States has inflamed the hearts not only of his own people, but of people all around the globe. Not since Sandino resisted the American Marines for six years in the Nicaraguan mountains, has any Latin American figure so caught the imagination of the world as Fidel Castro. Sandino's revolt, marking the beginning of the end of an imperialistic era, gave courage to national independence movements everywhere, revitalized Latin American solidarity, and brought about important changes in our relations with the rest of the hemisphere, eventually putting an end to armed interventions. Castro's success is also likely to alter our relations with the countries to the south and to usher in a new phase of fuller Latin American independence. The pronouncements of the July 26 Movement make little reference to the United States, beyond indicating that treaties harmful to Cuba must be abrogated; but the Castro program stresses at great length future relations with Latin America: elimination of dictatorship, increased economic and cultural interchange, the achievement of true democratic Latin American solidarity, and a more effective role for Latin America in the United Nations and international affairs.

ALREADY the echoes. On January 2, *The New York Times* editorialized: "Americans should not delude themselves. The policy followed by the State Department, the Pentagon, the American Embassy in Havana, and a large part of the American business community has built up an antagonism that will make the situation difficult." Two days after Batista fled, Dr. Milton Eisenhower came out favoring a tougher policy toward dictators to the south: no more medals and warm embraces. He could well have added: Give them less money and fewer arms, for our so-called "defense policy," which has intrenched the military everywhere, has set democratic evolution back many decades in Latin America. Dr. Eisenhower does stress that serious consideration be given to various Latin American demands made repeatedly, and in vain, ever since World War II. Only a few years ago, this country broke up an effort by Argentina, Brazil and Chile to set up a common market area, in spite of our earlier agreement that trade and travel barriers should be lowered. Dr. Eisenhower now advocates such a plan for Panama and Central America "as a pilot model for other Latin American regions."

All this smacks a bit of locking the stable door too late. The Cuban rebels doubt that our reiterations of neutrality in their civil war were sincere. Our military men were advisers and trainers of the Cuban Army, which was fighting the people with modern methods and with arms supplied by the United States. Our commanders in the area decorated the worst killers of the Cuban Army. Diplomatic and army banquets with the dictator were frequent and lavish. When we did belatedly declare an arms embargo (but did not remove our military men from the scene), England rushed in to fill the gap. Cubans simply do not believe that England would have suddenly meddled in Cuban affairs by sending weapons to the dictator except at the behest of our State Department. They recall similar subterfuges on our part in the shipment of arms to North Africa and the Middle East.

American big business has been exceedingly close to Batista, partly because it had no other choice, but frequently because of the rich concessions—and outright cash—he had been handing out, obtained by skyrocketing the Cuban debt to unprecedented levels. Batista has close business contacts, particularly in Florida, where he owns a great mansion in Daytona Beach and has made heavy investments with money appropriated from the Cuban people. Nor has it been merely Batista and his henchmen who are partners with American underworld gangsters in running the world's greatest gambling enterprises.

Cuban resentment also runs deep because of our harassment of refugees from Batista's tyranny who have sought asylum in the United States—probably some 50,000 in Miami alone. The new Castro consul in Miami, Oscar Ramírez, has publicly charged that "The [Miami] police and immigration and customs people for the United States did whatever he [the Batista consul] asked." Cubans particularly resent the way in which outstanding leaders of the July 26 Movement, such as heads of the student organizations and exiled labor leaders, and even ex-President Prio, have been badgered by U. S. authorities and thrown into jail. Fidel Castro's own sister was deported to Havana.

FOR SOME months now, the State Department knew that Batista was doomed, but apparently it did not relish Castro and the July 26 Movement as his successor. U. S. Ambassador Smith plugged for free elections—something quite impossible under existing conditions: army and police terror, censorship, press suppression and civil war. All opposition parties by that time had been wiped out, except for small, splinter factions willing to play it Batista's way. Opposition leaders were in jail, in exile or had been killed. Besides, a new law had been rushed through which would make Batista head of the army under any new government. Naturally, Batista's enemies considered Ambassador Smith's efforts as constituting flagrant meddling in behalf of Batista's tyranny.

At the fall of Machado in September, 1933, as a result of Batista's quick shower-bath coup, Ambassador Sumner Welles tried to set up the De Cespedes provisional government. It lasted ten days. The recent attempt to undercut the Castro victory by installing Supreme Court Judge Carlos Piedra as President did not even get off the ground. Cubans now charge that this effort emanated from the American Embassy. "We have been betrayed," Castro has announced. "Now the revolution begins." Apparently the "betrayal" was of a secret arrangement made between Castro himself and the Batista General, Eulogio Castillo, to set up a temporary military junta and prevent the escape of Batista and his top military and cabinet officials. General Castillo is now behind bars.

The fate of Cuba is now in Castro's hands. He enters as the conquering hero at the head of a fanati-

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cally loyal following. The new President, Dr. Manuel Urrutia, is Castro's choice, picked and installed by him alone. Urrutia won this high honor because, as a Santiago judge, he refused to convict captured July 26 attackers of the Santiago Moncada barracks on the grounds that the Batista Government had seized power by force in violation of the constitution. Urrutia had to flee the country with his family. He returned in November, joining Castro in Oriente Province. He is a man of great learning and probity. But Castro remains the arbiter of affairs.

The hero comes into power at the head of seasoned young veteran *guerrilleros* whose ranks were augmented only at the last moment by adhesions of rank-and-file soldiers and minor officers. He comes in at the head of a youth movement inspired with the ideal of a new free Cuba—youths recklessly willing to face torture and death, who have fought in the streets of every city and hamlet in Cuba for six long years. He comes in at the head of a student movement which has seen Cuba's schools closed for years, which lost leader after leader to Batista's police. He comes in at a time when every professional and civic group in Cuba—from sports clubs to the Rotary clubs—had broken with Batista. He comes in with the good will of a large sector of the Church hierarchy and certainly with the active backing of the Catholic Youth move-

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"We've been expecting you."

ment, the two leaders of which were recently taken out of their homes, brutally tortured and killed. He takes over a war-scarred country that yearns for peace, in which tens of thousands of homes have lost loved ones or seen them driven into exile.

All in all, those who might have made serious trouble for Castro in his hour of victory have fled the country in utter panic because of the hatred and bitterness they had created. The head of Batista's murderous strong-arm squads, the top bureaucrats, the heads of his police and the army leaders—all have fled. Probably never in history have so many generals taken such precipitate and ignominious flight from their commands.

Thus, the vaunted Batista army has been drastically purged and will be further purged. Its prestige has been destroyed; it was beaten not by a soldier, but by a civilian making no claims to military ability, a civilian who rallied other civilians. The arm-bands of the July 26 Movement are now the ruling force of the country. Here is the hard core of Castro's strength — ideologically as well as militarily. For this has been a civil war, not a mere military coup such as those of Batista in overthrowing Machado and, later, Prío. It has been a civilian war against a well-trained military force enjoying the latest arms, tanks, machine-guns, some of the fastest war planes available anywhere, and with plenty of money. Yet it went down; it crumbled away before the moral fact of a people willing to die for freedom. We hailed the fighters for freedom in Hungary. Can we do less toward the fighters for freedom in Cuba, a fight more prolonged and quite as savage?

THERE IS one gap in the general picture of support for Castro — and it is a serious gap. Organized labor did not participate in the struggle; it has not debated the issues. Yet Cuba's General Confederation of Labor is two million strong —large for a country of six million.

This passivity is a new phenomenon in Cuba; heretofore, labor was active in political events. It played a heroic part in the overthrow of dictator Gerardo Machado two decades ago. It was then betrayed by Batista—its leaders jailed or killed, its strikes put down by the army. Yet it kept on fighting valiantly during the bloody terror imposed by Carlos Mendieta and Batista.

Subsequently Batista, looking ahead to the day when he might be elected President, began making his peace with labor and even wooed Communist support. During his administration in 1944-48, an uncommonly prosperous period, he made extensive concessions to labor. But in his attempt to return to power in 1952, he received little labor support, and when he realized he wouldn't be elected and staged his coup against Prío, he was opposed and denounced by union leaders. But he managed to patch up a truce with Eusebio Mujol, one of the most treacherous and self-seeking labor chiefs, and from then on he worked to gain full control over the confederation. Its leaders were given lush concessions and became his partners in gambling, hotel and public-works enterprises. The few honest and recalcitrant leaders were killed off or run out of the country and their places taken by men chosen through army-run elections. Except for its corrupt pro-Batista leaders, the voice of labor was thus silenced. By terrorism and pork-barrel corruption, Batista took away labor's independence, its dignity and its moral fiber.

THE failure of Castro's appeal for labor support and, in particular, labor's refusal to go along with his plea, some months ago, for a general strike against Batista, may have been due in part to rank-and-file suspicion of Castro's labor aims, and in part to Batista's threats of the firing squad. A striker is somewhat more vulnerable than a rebel in the hills. The Castro labor program has included the right to strike, social security, democratic unionism, a progressive increase of present wages, a 30 per cent profit-sharing package, and new industry to provide more jobs and better living standards. It calls for labor-capital cooperation to achieve these ends.

Once Castro was victorious, he

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was able to secure an effective general strike "to clean up the anarchy left by Batista." But labor's initiative in this display is somewhat doubtful. Obedience was imposed by the roving armed July 26 brigades and by employers. It merely proved that Castro is the new master of labor, not that labor has retaken its place as a moral factor in political and economic life.

IN matters of land reform, Castro at one time advocated the expropriation of foreign-owned holdings — a position from which he has receded. But as late as 1957 he stated, as reported in a bulletin published by his July 26 Movement in Costa Rica: "More than half of our best arable land is in foreign hands; in Oriente, the most extensive province of Cuba, the lands of the United Fruit Company and the West Indies Fruit Company stretch unbroken from the north to the south shores." [A full translation of Castro's statement was carried in *The Nation* of November 30, 1957.] He has called for re-examination of all land titles, a guaranteed minimum acreage to all farmers, restriction of the size of individual holdings. In some areas his forces took over during the civil war, land was distributed to the peasants.

But beyond all other Cuban problems is the plight of the agricultural worker, especially in the sweat-shop sugar industry, the main source of Cuban wealth. Here low wages, poor housing and short-term employment create a restless, semi-starved *Lumpenproletariat* living at close to coolie standards. Cuba has become greatly diversified compared to a few decades ago, but it is still a one-crop land, hence exposed to a one-crop type of government-dictatorship.

Hence the formality of free elections, as promised by Castro, will not in itself remove the basic evils and corruption so long intrenched under the dictatorship. The basis for Cuban democracy scarcely exists. Education, health, improved earning power, sufficient industry to take up the off-season slack in the sugar industry, a degree of economic security for the people — in short, far-reaching social and economic reforms are urgently needed if the freedom won on New Year's Day is to have any meaning. Some of these basic reforms are going to seem unpleasant to absentee capital, and it may be necessary to revise the whole status of foreign capital in the country so that proper living conditions can be guaranteed.

Much of the course of events in the near future will depend upon the official American attitude toward Castro. Will our government be as lavishly helpful with him as it was with Batista? That has never happened before in similar circumstances. Maybe this time it will be different. And will Castro himself measure up to the great tasks that await him?

Unlike previous upheavals in Cuba, largely determined by military elements, the prolonged struggle to get rid of Batista has awakened the people and released deep and violent social forces. A revolution has been set in motion and there is little likelihood that it can be stopped short of its objectives either by outside interference or by incompetent or recalcitrant leadership. Thus far Castro has shown the finest qualities of true leadership: self-sacrifice, dedication, patience, confidence and ready pliability in meeting the most difficult situations. He may indeed come to rank with that other great Cuban, José Marti, who carved out the shape of Cuban independence.

THE KISSING CASE . . *by George L. Weissman*

Monroe, North Carolina

IN THIS seat of Union County, during the late afternoon of October 28, last year, a searching police car finally spotted its quarry—two Negro boys on a bicycle: James Hanover Thompson, nine, and David "Fuzzy" Simpson, eight. The boys were put in the county jail and held incommunicado for six days. Then on November 4, the boys' mothers—$15-a-week domestic workers and the sole supports of large families—were told by the police to get down to the courthouse where their sons were to go on trial in a half-hour.

The women sent word to Robert F. Williams, president of the Union County branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, to join them in court, as they needed his help. But when he arrived at the courthouse, a few minutes after proceedings had begun, he was not admitted to the courtroom.

The two boys were charged with assault upon three white females, ages six and seven. Juvenile Court Judge J. Hampton Price outlined the facts of the case as he had obtained them, earlier in the day, from the white girls and their parents, none of whom was in the courtroom during any part of the trial. The judge said that the two young defendants had gone into a white neighborhood, climbed down uninvited into a culvert ditch where three little white girls were playing, and set a kiss from each of the girls as the price of getting out. Two of the girls got out without paying the price, but the third, a seven-year-old, had kissed Hanover Thompson. There being no defense counsel, and the defendants proving too frightened to talk much, the proceedings were brief. Judge Price found the boys guilty and committed them to indeterminate terms in reform school with the admonition that if they behaved well they might be released before they reached twenty-one.

The boys' version of what had happened was not learned till more than a month later, when the writer

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of this article accompanied Williams and Conrad Lynn, a civil-rights attorney from New York who had just entered the case, to the reform school for Negro boys at Hoffman, North Carolina. Since the arrest, the mothers had seen the boys only briefly during the trial, and then under circumstances which did not allow any private conversation. No visiting had been permitted at the county jail or, for the first month, at the reform school. Our visit, then, gave the boys their first opportunity to tell their version of the story to friendly ears, and in privacy.

Hanover and Fuzzy admitted to us that they had been walking down the street in a white neighborhood (Monroe is a crazy-quilt of colored and white districts; the boys live in an area completely surrounded by white neighborhoods which they must traverse going to and from the Negro school). They told us that they saw a group of white boys playing cowboys, and joined in. Watching from the sidelines were the three little girls. When the game broke up, the little girls were playing in the culvert ditch. With one or more white boys, the Negro youngsters went into the ditch and played. Finally only one white boy remained. He suggested a kissing game—that each girl sit on a boy's lap and give him a kiss "like in the movies or TV." Hanover claimed that both he and the white boy were kissed, but that Fuzzy wouldn't play because he was too busy inside the culvert "killing grand-daddy spiders." Shortly after, the Negro boys left.

THE PARENTS of the white girl who was kissed understandably don't want their child pestered by reporters, but will themselves discuss the case quite freely. The husband, a solemn man, is a skilled worker. The mother, attractive and intelligent, is a housewife. They hold very strong views on race issues, more extreme than the average Southerner. For example, the mother declares categorically that even prior to the "horrible experience" in the ditch, the daughter had been under rigid orders never to play with Negro children. Yet it is common in the South for Negro and white children to play together, particularly when they are of pre-school age.

The mother learned about the kissing by chance. She was busy and only half-listening to her daughter's rambling talk when, with a shock, she realized that the story she was hearing was not imaginary, or about other children, but a personal experience of her own child. She immediately sat down with the girl and elicited the "whole" story. Lest she do the child any psychological damage, she relates, she controlled her voice and uttered no reproaches. On the contrary, she praised the girl "for having used her head to escape from such a dangerous situation." Then she took the little girl, she says, and thoroughly washed "her sweet little face."

The mother denies that her husband, after learning of the incident, armed himself with a shotgun and went looking for the boys and their mothers. She admits that she herself went to Mrs. Thompson's home, but only to order her to "get out." A week after my own talk with the white mother, a British newspaperwoman interviewed her and quoted her as saying: "I was furious. I would have killed Hanover myself if I had the chance."

Negro residents of the street on which the Thompsons and Simpsons live state that white people—at least one of whom carried a gun—came looking for the boys' mothers. The mothers were so terrified that they hid with neighbors and for a week dared not sleep in their own homes.

A week after the boys had been sent to reform school, Mayor Fred Wilson told a Charlotte, N. C., newspaperman that racial tension "seems cooled off now." While denying that he had heard talk of a lynching, he insisted that the boys should not be permitted to stay within reach of the girl's parents. Indeed, from the time of the arrest until just before the trial, the police were telling Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Simpson and the NAACP leaders that the boys were being held in jail only for their own protection and that there were no charges against them. That is why no lawyer had been retained for the trial, which came as a surprise to the Negro community.

EXACTLY what happened in that ditch is now beyond determination. To what extent did the white-supremacist feelings of the parents affect the story drawn out of the little girl? How leading were their questions? Did the mother's applied psychology reassure, or alarm, the child? And as for the boys, it was clear to us, when we saw them, that they felt from what had happened to them that they were caught up in some monstrous crime. Would not their six days in jail, plus the month in reform school, have given them time and reason to fix responsibility on the white boy for suggesting the kissing game—or even to invent the white boy altogether? Adults who have tried to unravel the truth about an incident from stories told by children hours after the event will appreciate how, in this case, the stories told by both the white girl and the Negro boys must have been influenced by the strong and varied emotions of the adults around them.

But the basic fact is clear—a seven-year-old white girl kissed a nine-year-old Negro boy, voluntarily or involuntarily. The violent reaction of the white parents can be explained in terms of their individual psychological make-up. What is perhaps not so easily explained is that white opinion throughout Union County unanimously endorses the parents' attitude and the judge's ruling. Ask a white resident of Monroe what he

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thinks about the case, and he will likely answer with a question of his own: "How would *you* feel if your daughter was trapped in a ditch?" Negro citizens report that some white officials are implying that what was really involved was an attempt at rape.

The local press at first suppressed the story, but Ted Poston broke it in the New York *Post*. Now it is generally known throughout the state. But to my knowledge only one white person in North Carolina has publicly criticized Union County. The editor of the Cheraw *Chronicle* wrote, in mild terms, of the "mishandling" of a "racial incident," and reminded his readers that it is against North Carolina practice to put children under twelve in reform school. But even this editor recanted a few weeks later, when Governor Hodges issued a statement justifying the boys' commitment and endorsing a fantastic report from the Juvenile Court judge picturing the boys as delinquents with long records of theft (the incidents cited involve a ham, a bicycle and a lawn mower; the boys insist that two of the incidents did not involve thievery).

THE CASE CAN be understood only against the background of events in the county during the past couple of years. A branch of the NAACP on the verge of dissolution—it had six members, only one in good standing—was taken in hand in 1956 by Williams, a young Negro war veteran. Unable to enlist the cadre traditional to any effective NAACP branch—the thin layer of local Negro professionals and white-collar workers—he recruited laborers, domestics and young war veterans like himself (some of whom he signed up in pool halls). The branch's first success came when it achieved the desegregation of the "white" town library after the Monroe officials had refused to rebuild the colored library, which had been destroyed by fire.

In the summer of 1957, the Negro community was aroused over the drowning of several children in unsafe swimming holes. Monroe has a municipal swimming pool (located on the grounds of a tax-supported country club), but for the use of whites only. Negroes asked for a pool for their own children. It was refused on grounds of economy even when a Negro citizen offered to donate a site. A request that Negroes be given use of the municipal pool one day a week also was rejected for economic reasons by the city fathers —they said the pool would have to be drained and refilled with fresh water after each time the Negroes used it.

At this point the NAACP branch intervened. Williams and Dr. A. E. Perry, the NAACP vice president, led eight Negro youngsters with bathing suits and towels to the white pool. They were refused admission on the racial grounds that the NAACP needed for a test case in the courts.

UNION COUNTY has a Ku Klux Klan tradition and active Klan units. The swimming-pool incident galvanized the Klansmen into a campaign of night-riding, cross-burning and "evangelical rallies." Local papers report that one KKK rally was attended by 7,500 people. Motorcades of hooded riders drove through Monroe's Negro districts, blowing horns, shouting and sometimes firing pistols. Dr. Perry, a successful young physician who had built himself a large, ranch-type home (in itself considered an affront by racists), seemed to be a special target. When the Klansmen got to his house on one occasion, they found that groups of Negro volunteers with rifles had rushed there ahead of them. The KKK motorcade, horns blowing, curses echoing, drove away.

Anti-Negro incidents multiplied. Bottles were thrown from cars speeding through the Negro neighborhoods. Negroes complained of white automobilists trying to run them down in the streets. The NAACP asked the city authorities to ban Klan activities; the authorities insisted that they were powerless to act. The Negroes began to arm themselves. A regular night guard was established around Perry's home. An alert system was established which brought armed Negro men to the scene of reported incidents even before the police. When the police tried to seize the rifles and shotguns at Perry's home, the NAACP leaders, threatening law suits, forced their return.

In the fall of 1957, the KKK staged another raid against Dr. Perry's home, this time with a sixty-car motorcade. The Klansmen found a veritable fortress. A sand-bagged line of defense protected the front and flanks; a heavy chain across a side road prevented envelopment. Steel-helmeted men with rifles and shotguns manned the defenses and when the Klansmen fired from the cars, the fire was returned. Not conditioned for this kind of reception, the motorcade ignominiously took off. This example of standing up to the Klan appears in large measure to have encouraged the Indians in nearby Robeson County, weeks later, to meet the same KKK units with their celebrated counterattack.

Immediately after the fight in front of Dr. Perry's home, Williams sent a telegram to President Eisenhower demanding an investigation of the Klan and of the city administration, three of whose police cars had escorted the motorcade. No action from the White House resulted, but the city officials, after verbal blasts against Williams and Perry, did pass an ordinance against unlicensed motorcades.

Racists lost interest in the Klan—at least in those of its activities which included dodging bullets—and the hooded order began to dwindle in Union County. But the attack on the NAACP took new forms.

Dr. Perry was harassed in petty ways. His house was searched. Suddenly he was arrested and indicted on charges of performing an abortion on a white woman. Sole evidence against him was the uncorroborated statement of the woman, who testified that she had visited him three times requesting the abortion, had twice been turned down, but that on the third occasion he had acquiesced. Dr. Perry (who happens to be the county's leading Catholic layman—another source of his unpopularity with white Protestants) denied the charge. Convicted at his first trial, he won a reversal in the North Caro-

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lina Supreme Court on the refusal of the trial judge to admit evidence on the barring of Negroes from the grand jury. A second trial in an adjacent county, on a change of venue, again brought in a verdict of guilty. Negroes in Union County consider the case a frame-up designed to inflame public opinion. It seems to have worked. Thousands of whites signed a petition demanding that "with all deliberate speed and due process of law," Williams and Dr. Perry, "both office holders in the Communist-inspired NAACP," be run out of the county for good.

UNDER THESE circumstances, one can imagine the reaction last October when Williams applied for the transfer of his two sons to Monroe's white public school. In several of North Carolina's big cities, a token integration—involving in all a dozen Negro children—has taken place. But the rulers of Monroe (12,000 population) will have none of it.

The "kissing case" broke only a short time after Williams' attempt to get his children into the white school. Clearly, the "kissing case" falls into the general pattern of vindictive pressure which Union County has been applying to its increasingly militant Negroes.

Will Williams and Dr. Perry, together with their young followers who form the core of the local branch, be able to hold on? Economic pressure against them is strong. Williams cannot get a job, was even fired from a job in another county when a deputation went to visit his boss. Dr. Perry's resources are being drained by the interminable appeals which alone keep him from three years on the road gang. Mrs. Simpson has lost part of her work, Mrs. Thompson all, since the kissing incident. Mrs. Thompson, saved last month from eviction by the attorney for the Committee to Combat Racial Injustice, has been served with another eviction notice.

The Committee to Combat Racial Injustice represents Williams' and Perry's attempt to solve their problem and that of other Negroes similarly persecuted. The two men recently joined with L. E. Austin, editor of the *Carolina Times*, one of the South's most militant Negro newspapers, the Rev. C. K. Steele, leader of the Tallahassee bus boycott, and others—white and Negro, both in the North and the South—to build an organization for emergency aid to civil-rights fighters in situations where established institutions are unable to function.

Agreement has now been reached between the committee and the NAACP to collaborate in seeking release of the Thompson and Simpson boys.

EAST of MAGNA CHARTA . . *by David Thomson*

In an article entitled "The Zone of Hunger," which appeared in The Nation *of January 10, David Thomson dealt with the military take-over which has occurred in many of the world's newly independent countries. In the following article, he discusses the broader implications of this phenomenon in terms of contrasting basic attitudes of East and West toward government.*

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THE THICKEST barrier between East and West is no longer — if it ever was — the Iron Curtain. It is the inability of Western man to break through the conceptual framework of his own thinking. We contemplate the events and problems of Asia today with minds hedged in by generalizations and assumptions about society and government that have long been truisms of our own experience in Western civilization. They seem applicable because Asiatic peoples are being in so many ways "Westernized." But it is a blinding and dangerous fallacy to hold these truths as being self-evident for other civilizations.

Take the hoariest of these generalizations, repeated scores of times by Western political thinkers: that a central aim of political activity is to reconcile freedom with organization, progress with order. Often enough, in the history of Western civilization, this issue has appeared central. It has been reasonable to equate progress with freedom, to bracket order with organization, and to define the task of good government as discovery of a workable balance between liberty and law as the path to "ordered progress." To question the universality of this idea seems, to liberal-minded men of the West, almost a political heresy.

Yet this whole mode of thought rests on a series of concepts and assumptions, broadly true for the growth of Western civilization, which are by no means equally true for the history of Asia, or indeed for any other part of the world outside the "European" world of the European continent, the Americas and the white-settled lands of the Commonwealth.

The concept presupposes that individual freedom and established law are roughly equal human values, and that both involve activities and arrangements which must ultimately be compatible one with the other. It assumes that progress springs mainly from individual exertion and free enterprise, and not mainly from individual discipline, obedience and mass organization. It takes for granted, therefore, that although progress is itself highly desirable and attainable, it is a purpose to be pursued only with due regard to the dictates of justice as embodied in the rule of law, and subject only to the regulations of a state whose *raison d'être* is to safeguard existing rights and public order much more than it is to promote progress.

This conceptual framework of our whole Western approach to political

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and economic development has been built up by generations of historians who have taught that social and cultural benefits flow from the free initiative of pioneers, that an establishment best survives by timely yielding to the pressures of new social classes, that material progress is a boon to be won by hard work and advanced skills. It is alien to our ways of thought that material progress should demand a shrinkage of individual freedom, that established authority should itself be the pioneer of progress, or that efficiency and democratic rights should openly conflict. But these ideas are almost commonplaces in the experience of Eastern peoples. In tackling these crucial issues of our time the Chinese, Japanese, Indians, Indonesians and most peoples of the Near East, start from preconceptions totally different from ours. Just as national emancipation stands higher in priority of purpose than delicate regard for individual rights, so economic progress takes precedence over social justice. One major reason why the Soviet Union can exert a strong appeal in Asia is that Russians share such assumptions with most Asiatic peoples, but none share them with the West.

WHENEVER the new-forged machinery of democratic government jams somewhere in Asia or the Near East, and makes way for a more authoritarian or militaristic regime, the cry goes up that democracy is in retreat. The moral is again drawn that it is useless to transplant Western parliamentary methods or democratic ideals without the appropriate Western substructure of mass literacy, habits of compromise and attitudes of tolerance. All of which, though doubtless true, is discouraging and fruitless. Eastern peoples have usually adopted a democratic apparatus of government less because they are inspired by democratic ideals or have faith in its procedures (though many individuals have), than because they are deeply impressed by its economic and military triumphs in the West, and because they associate with it the great material advantages and economic prosperity which they de-

sire. Let democratic regimes or parliamentary systems once appear as impediments, not aids, to the achievement of material strength and economic prosperity, and they will be abandoned without great regrets. Replacing them will be the more natural and indigenous presuppositions that the communal good is achieved most quickly by reorganization imposed from above through mass discipline and obedience, with whatever sacrifice of individual freedom may be necessary. Even powerful contrary influences, like that of Gandhi in India, have hardly held their own against this trend. Vinoba Bhave's voluntarist land-reform movements (Bhoodan and Gramdan) tackle the root problems of India's landless masses, but on a relatively small scale and in uneasy harmony with Nehru's ambitious projects for industrialization.

Behind the fluctuations of political fashion, so perturbing to the West, lie profounder issues of economic adjustment, more perturbing to the East. Western economic methods are even more difficult to transplant than are Western political systems. The real Asiatic revolution of our time springs not from communism, but from industrialism. Even in Russia itself, the consequences of the Five-Year Plans, so revolutionary for the lives of the masses, will surely rank in history as more momentous than Marxism. Economic planning was in origin an idea alien and repulsive to Marxist ideology — for how, on strict theories of dialectical materialism, can the mere "political superstructure" of even proletarian dictatorship have the power to change so fundamentally its "economic substructure"? In the same way, the introduction of Western industrial technology and Western science into Asia will have much more permanent and revolutionary consequences than the importation of Western political forms, procedures or ideals.

As in most great historic cultural borrowings between peoples, the East is adopting the fruits without the roots. Politically, it has adopted the ideals of national liberation and sovereign independence without first insuring that social cohesion and homogeneity which made sense of national independence in Europe. Economically, it has adopted the advanced techniques of production without the basis of widespread technical skill and education which made possible the success of such techniques in the West. Most serious of all, it is erecting a new social order upon modern science, born of the rationalistic, empirical, secular culture of Western Europe, and such an order conflicts over a very large surface with the most deep-rooted and instinctive elements in oriental culture. From the whole complex of frictions and tensions that arise, for individual and community alike, from this vast change, we must expect upheavals of great variety. Among such upheavals, the rise and fall of political regimes may be among the first, but are unlikely to be among the most profound, manifestations of ferment.

WHAT follows, if the above analysis be true, or even mainly true? It does not follow, as is assumed more readily in the United States than it is in Britain or France, that the outcome in China or India or Indonesia will be what it was in Russia — though the existence of the Communist regime in Russia is, of course, an important factor in the whole situation, and one of immediate military and economic significance. Observation and experience of Russian Bolshevism are as likely to be a warning as an example, and the character of Bolshevism has been shaped by circumstances peculiar to Russia and to the timing of the Bolshevik Revolution. Given the strength of feeling

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in Asia in favor of national autonomy and self-determination, there is little reason to expect slavish imitation or spontaneous conformity to patterns set by others.

Given also, however, the propensity for the West and the Communist world to bid against one another in offering financial and technical assistance to the less developed countries, it is to be expected that their material advance will not lack whatever means can be got from outside. Technological "Westernization" will continue rapidly, even while political "Westernization" recedes. But, since most of the peoples concerned are increasing faster than their food-supplies, such technological advance will be slow to yield positive gains in the form of a rising standard of living. So high are the nationalistic expectations of material gains that considerable disillusionment and unrest are likely to ensue: already, indeed, there are signs of this reaction in China and India. It may mean no eventual loss to democratic ideas that they are out of vogue during this phase of excessive expectations and disillusionment. Amid the steadily increasing pressure of population on food supplies, nationalistic and militarist movements — with their familiar dilemma of "guns or butter" — may come to suffer discredit. Industrial developments that are not geared closely to producing more food are unlikely to attract indefinitely the loyalty of Asians.

For all these reasons, the West is not justified in expecting technology, science, nationalism or even democracy to produce effects in Asia at all similar to their familiar effects in Europe or America. The whole context of tradition, popular mentality, spiritual values and material circumstances is too dissimilar for that. The East is more likely to be influenced by contemporary trends in the West: by its capacity to prevent a world economic recession which would have incalculable but profound repercussions on the economies of Asia; by the success or failure of its own experiments in the development of backward areas still under its control, especially in Africa; by its ability to build a social order less marked by frustration, crime and vice than it has hitherto succeeded in building; and by its ingenuity in making democracy effective as a form of government suited to modern needs. If, for example, the Fifth Republic of France proves able to end the disheartening combination of instability with *immobilisme* that haunted the Fourth, and at the same time to reach a settlement in Algeria by means of the far-reaching Saharan economic development visualized by General de Gaulle, then the moral and psychological effects throughout both Africa and Asia would be immense.

The only force stronger than that of European example remains that of Asiatic example. If India, with its strong infusion of Western influences, succeeds more spectacularly than China in her plans of economic advance, then Asiatic attitudes would probably veer sharply against communism. Perhaps the main requisite for insuring better Western approaches—and more favorable Eastern reactions to them — is a mood of greater humility in the West. The destiny of the East will be shaped, in the end, more decisively by what happens at the pivotal points of China, India and Russia — probably in that order — than by anything planned in Washington, London or Paris. Maybe it should be a New Year resolution to start reshaping our policy from this starting point.

A ROMP WITH POP . . *by Edward P. J. Corbett*

ALL OF US are familiar with those magazine ads which picture a father and his son engaged in some joint activity: father and son are fishing together in a rural creek, or cutting the front lawn, or washing the family car, or building a tree-house. One variation on this theme that I remember seeing is the picture of a father and son, both clad in their bathrobes, making a midnight raid on the refrigerator. Father has thrown a brotherly arm over his son's shoulder, and the boy is returning his father's conspiratorial wink as he reaches for the refrigerator handle. Mother is not to know of this; the foray on the larder is for "us menfolk." But the adman has supplied the final bit of folksy irony: mother is pictured standing at the top of the stairs in her pin-curls and quilted robe—with a knowing smile on her face. Won't the "boys" be surprised when she tiptoes in and catches them red-handed?

Would that this picture were only a Madison Avenue dream! But I am afraid that it is a prevalent, maybe even permanent, bit of modern Americana. It is one facet of this great Age of the Palsy-Walsy. *Filial piety* has given place to *camaraderie.* The boy has become father of the man.

I realize that it requires some temerity to challenge the status quo, especially when it involves the Great American Dream. To call into question the Good Life as it is envisioned by the majority of the people is to risk being branded with epithets that run the range from "outré" to "square." As a friend of mine is fond of saying, in a bit of forced alliteration, "The sneering snob will be snared by his own snarl." But I see something essentially unnatural, and therefore unhealthy, in our passion for the palsy-walsy. In any case, it will do no harm to assay the gold in them thar dreams.

Sociologists of the twenty-first

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century will look back on family life in America and see that it passed through three cycles: the patriarchal, the matriarchal and the child-centered. The child was no less loved and cherished in the first cycle than he was in the other two; it was just that, gradually, the child moved into a position of greater dominance in the family. A European visitor once remarked about family life in America, "How well the parents obey their children here!" In truth, the stern Victorian *pater* has been replaced in the home by the affable adult pal, who likely as not can be found on Saturday afternoons skipping down the garden path with his son. One of the funniest charades imaginable would be an impersonation of Clarence Day's father in the role of a modern father.

ALL OF US are grateful, of course, that some of the starch has been taken out of Father. The extravagant salaaming that used to go on in the presence of Himself sometimes produced a pompous, arrogant bully. Charles Dickens has given us some memorable portraits of the Lord and Master who ruled over the Victorian ménage. Father normally holed up in the library, which was redolent of cigar smoke, port wine and leather bindings, and the child approached this sanctum sanctorum with fear and trembling. A timid knock at the thick oaken door elicited a thunderous bellow from the den. The child tiptoed across the long room to the throne of Father Zeus; Father Zeus looked up from his copy of the *Times* and glared for long minutes at the quivering lad before him as though he were struggling to recall which one of his twelve olive plants this was. The fulminations from the throne were punctuated by occasional bleats of "Yes, sir" and "No, sir."

The daguerreotype just projected for review is likely to send a shiver down the spine of the modern parent. And indeed there is something forbidding about the scene. But forbidding as it may be, it does not have about it the air of the ridiculous that the Romp-with-Father scene has. If we retain anything of the notion of the Great Chain of Being, of the familial hierarchy, we realize that any *rapprochement* which threatens to upset the delicate balance that God intended to exist between the authority of the father and the subjection of the child ultimately diminishes the mutual respect that both parties should entertain.

Father must never condescend to being a friend to his child, much less a pal. Friendship implies a relationship between equals, and there can be no equality between father and son. Father must forever remain on some kind of eminence—an eminence that the child must approach with eyes upraised. The first-name rapport that exists between some parents and their children is nothing short of blasphemy. Whenever I hear a child address his parent by the first name, I shudder in the same way that I do when I hear a clergyman urge his congregation to make "friends of the Man Upstairs." The depths of this kind of irreverence were reached a few years ago when a prominent movie actress referred to Our Lord as "a living doll."

THE irony of this experiment in the palsy-walsy is that fathers have never been held in such low esteem as they are now. To be convinced of this, one has only to view any one of the situation comedies now appearing on television. Father is invariably portrayed as the good-natured oaf who can't even change a fuse without absorbing ten thousand volts. Father, of course, pays for the ten thousand volts that run all the household appliances; and for the faithful performance of that function, he is regarded by his family with a benign tolerance. Mother knows best, and Father knows nothing at all. It is not that father has ceased to be loved (I think that he is still loved by his family); it is rather that he has lost something of his prestige, something of his authority. Where he was once the chairman of the steering committee, he is now just a voting member. Life with Father, as it is pictured on TV, has become, despite all the factitious fuss and fret, a serene affair wreathed in smiles. Just once I'd like to see all hell break loose, with father throwing his weight around like a bull in a china shop. "Dad" would become Father once again, and those obnoxious TV children would be seen and not heard.

Nor is the palsy-walsy mood confined to the home: "Buddy-buddies" are extending the glad-hand in several areas of our social life, and extending it with a liberality that would make Babbitt look like a curmudgeon. One instance where the palsy-walsy mood is dominant is the playtime of our children. It used to be that children were expected to make their own fun. As Robert Paul Smith has reminded us, the child simply went "out" and did "nothing." Mr. Smith's nostalgia may have pictured that era as more halcyon than it really was, but he was certainly right about one thing: children really don't appreciate having adults around during playtime. For all their good intentions, adults serve only to put a damper on juvenile fun.

But today the adult, not content with being a friend to man, feels that he must be a confrere of the stripling. The mark of the adult is all over the playground. In addition to the signs that read "Don't Run," "Don't Climb," "No Bikes," "No Ball Playing in This Area," we have the ubiquitous Adult with a Whistle. Poor Junior has been regimented. He lines up to play baseball, to visit the drinking fountain, to climb the jungle gym. And worst of all, he does all these things according to a rigid time-schedule that is plotted out on the playground director's clipboard.

IT IS no wonder that our municipal playgrounds have been deserted—kids just don't take to all this Planned Childhood. This summer I had an assignment from a local radio station to go about the city interviewing the youngsters. The crew of our mobile unit naturally expected that the place to find huge congregrations of boys and girls would be the parks and playgrounds. But as we cruised about, we found public playground after public playground completely deserted. We eventually found the youngsters—in housing projects, in vacant lots, in the streets in front of their homes. I heartily applaud the youngsters' rebellion

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against this regimented fun. The next time you witness one of those scenes of mass recalcitrance that take place every year in railroad stations across the country as children assemble for shipment to summer camp, you might reflect that the only ones who are happy about the prospect of summer camp are the parents—and the camp owners.

ADULTS are well-meaning, of course, in their concern for the child. They feel that a planned program of recreation will keep the child occupied and out of mischief. So we have had a great proliferation of Little Leagues, Day Camps and Cub Scout Dens. Supervised Group Activity is the awesome watchword. The outgrowth of all this directed recreation is that our children are losing their initiative, that they are expecting everything to be provided for them. Young boys are no longer drifting off to a rock-strewn corner lot with a cracked bat and a broken-at-the-seams ball to play a bickering game of "scrubs." No, today the boys must have miniature replicas of big-league parks, pint-sized editions of Ted Williams' bat, and official umpires complete with dark-blue suits and pneumatic chest-protectors. I dare say that when we finally tot up the fruits of all this adult-inspired activity, we'll find that the old choose-up-sides brand of baseball produced six times as many real ballplayers as all the highly-organized, richly-endowed Little Leagues.

The palsy-walsy has also crept into our treatment of the juvenile delinquent. Social workers operate on the theory that delinquency can be cured, not by stern punitive measures but by benevolence. Much can be said in favor of the modern approach to delinquency. The careful studies that sociologists have made of the environmental conditions which breed delinquency have given us a clearer understanding of why young people act the way they do than we had twenty-five years ago. This gain is all to the good. Improved methods and enlightened attitudes, however, when applied by over-zealous, injudicious people, often work more harm than good, and I'm afraid that too many people imbued with a disposition to the palsy-walsy have gravitated to social work. The result has been a rather widespread tendency to sentimentalize about the criminal. The glint-eyed wielder of the switch-blade is not really a bad boy; he's just a victim of society. He must not be rapped over the knuckles; that kind of treatment would only agitate his simmering resentment. Rather, he must be invited to sit down with the soft-spoken, cordial social worker and talk out his problem. In a word, he

must be rehabilitated, not punished. The unfortunate consequence of this approach to the problem is, I'm afraid, that we are shifting more and more of the blame for delinquency from the individual to society. In our laudable attempt to understand and to rehabilitate the criminal, we have well-nigh lost sight of the notion that a man is morally and legally responsible for his actions. The criminal has been rendered incapable or unwilling to whisper the phrase, *mea culpa*. Let the sociologist's dossier serve to *explain* the delinquent's actions; but let it not be used to excuse his actions—nor to mitigate the punishment that justice as well as prudence demands.

The explanation for the modern disposition to the palsy-walsy is not far to seek. The palsy-walsy has been a concomitant, if not a by-product, of the process of democratization, with a powerful assist from the Shaftesburian doctrine of benevolence. Alexis de Tocqueville foresaw the tendency in his classic study of American Democracy, and Walt Whitman became the eloquent spokesman of the mood as he swung down the open road, chanting his song of the O, Camerado. The gradual improvement in the economic status of the lower classes and the continuing equalization of political and social opportunities eventually blurred class lines. This movement toward equivalence might have been all gain if we had not lost, somewhere along the line, the passion for individuality and *personality* that characterized our pioneer days. The demands for conformity, however, increased the pressures on the individual to integrate with the group; and in order to integrate, the individual had, willy-nilly, to become friendly. The spirit of bonhommie enveloped us all. The educational philosophy which took the sting out of the schoolmaster's ferule, watered down the curriculum, and beat the tub for Life Adjustment, further enhanced the general climate of *Gemütlichkeit*, and a period of unparalleled prosperity has insured its continuance. Strangely enough, while this passion for comradeship has grown within the immediate community, on the international scale we have been losing friends at a frightening rate.

What is pernicious about this trend toward the palsy-walsy is that it threatens the loss of some basic values in our society: respect for authority, toleration of differences, admiration for superiority and acceptance of responsibility. The trend would not be so ominous if this disposition to palsy-walsy were motivated by real love—by *caritas*. But it can never be said of the palsy-walsy groups what was said of the early Christians: "See how they love one another." The situation has come to such a pass that one begins to suspect even the use of that beautiful word and the profession of that noble concept—*brotherhood*. And what I fear most about the Age of the Palsy-Walsy is that it can so easily lead to the Era of the Big Brother.

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Color, Class and Letters

Edgar Mittelholzer

IF I WERE asked to write about British Caribbean literature for a public in, say, Trinidad, all I should need to do would be to plunge straight into my subject—name and discuss the few poets who have come into being within the past three decades or so and comment on the works of the novelists who, all in a rush, tumbled into the literary world of Britain during the past eight years. If I said that John Hearne's purpose seems to be to concentrate solely on portraying colored middle-class life in Jamaica and that Samuel Selvon has a special flair for depicting East Indian peasant life in Trinidad, it would be necessary for me to elaborate on these statements purely on a literary basis. For an English or American audience, however, I should first of all have to make it clear what I meant by "colored middle-class," and I can well imagine somebody asking: "Why do you say *East* Indian peasant life? Aren't you talking about West Indians?"

I am always stressing this: before anyone in Britain or North America can understand the literature being produced in the British Caribbean, the social and ethnological history of the region must first be examined and grasped. And I say "examined" with deliberation, for I don't think it essential that a deep study of the subject should be made. A mere outline picture ought to be quite sufficient, and this is what I should like to give before turning to the literary side of things.

The original inhabitants of the Caribbean islands and mainland territories were Indians—Caribs, Arawaks, Macusi, Warraus, Wipsiani, to name the chief tribes. The Spaniards who first established themselves in the region slaughtered the Indians wholesale. Some records say that they treated the Indians as big game hunters in Africa today treat lions and zebra; they hunted and killed them for the sport of it. The Caribs and Macusi, the most war-like of the tribes, in turn hunted and killed or captured the peaceable Arawaks, Warraus and Wapsiani. Sometimes the Caribs were hired as mercenaries by European governors or military men. Later, the Dutch in Guiana frequently called upon the Indians to aid the military in putting down rebellions staged by the Negro slaves on the plantations, and also to pursue runaway slaves. The Indians were never made slaves in the Dutch and British colonies. Apart from keeping the Negroes in order in times of crisis, they hunted and fished and kept the planters supplied with *labba* and tapir and venison and the freshwater fish of the rivers. But they dwindled rapidly, especially in the islands. Their own internal wars helped in this process, and the Europeans continued to massacre them. By the nineteenth century the Indians were almost extinct in the islands, and in Guiana only a few straggling tribes persisted far in the interior.

AS IN the American states, the Europeans and their Negro slaves took over as the principal inhabitants of the islands and the mainland territories whose coasts had been put under cultivation. The West Indies became known as the Sugar Islands, though coffee and cotton were also cultivated, especially in Guiana. The French and the Dutch and the English fought to retain their hold on the territories won in the earlier days, the French sometimes wresting a colony or two from the Dutch, the English wresting it away from the French, and then the Dutch receiving it back through some treaty signed in Europe, only perhaps a year or two later having to surrender it to a British Naval squadron.

Meanwhile, the planters lived in high style, not much bothered by the frequent changes of national status. Their Negro serfs, though sometimes rebellious, imbibed the language and ways of the Europeans. When slavery was abolished in the British Empire in 1838, the Negroes of the British Caribbean were primitives only insofar as education and economic status were concerned. Socially, they were European in outlook; they dressed like their planter masters, ate the same food, and had the same ambitions of possessing land and making their way up in the world.

Both the Dutch and the British in the Caribbean acknowledged the value of the white blood in the veins of mulattoes, and invariably such people had received their freedom without much trouble long before 1838. The result was that society acquired a middle stratum of people of mixed blood. These "free people," proud of their infusion of white blood, set themselves up as hucksters, peddlers and artisans, and insisted on being known as "colored," as distinct from "Negro" or "black." They cultivated a snobbery of their own, looked up with awe at the whites and looked down upon the black men, strove to better themselves socially and economically and culturally. The whites, though regarding them as inferiors, supported and encouraged the notion that they were above the Negroes in status—an attitude qiute different from that of the whites of America, who dubbed as Negro every individual known to possess a drop of Negro blood, no matter how fair-

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EDGAR MITTELHOLZER was born in New Amsterdam, British Guiana, of a family that has lived there at least since 1750. His father's family was originally Swiss-German, his mother came of French and English stock. And, far back, there has been some Negro blood on both sides, so that Mr. Mittelholzer was brought up in the "colored middle-class" and as a novelist has written of that group, whether in British Guiana, Barbados or Trinidad. In recent years, Mr. Mittelholzer has lived in England.

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complexioned he was, or European in appearance. In the Caribbean a colored man could hope to graduate out of the ranks of the colored and marry into a white family and so forget his "dark" past, despite the fact that his pedigree might be known to all. Prejudice has always existed in the Caribbean, and still exists, but it is covert rather than overt. Only the utterly vulgar would raise his voice to discuss the racial origins of his neighbor.

WHEN emancipation came in 1838, the planters faced the urgent problem of labor. The Negroes had acquired a deep antipathy for field work; now freed, they turned to the towns and sought work as porters, stevedores and house servants. Some began to compete with the colored hucksters and set up roadside provision barrows, or stalls in the marketplace; some learned trades and became carpenters, masons and tinsmiths; some simply squatted on the land and attempted to live like ladies and gentlemen of leisure, in imitation of their old planter masters.

After many tumults and setbacks, and quarrels with the Home Government, the planters eventually were allowed to bring in Portuguese from Madeira. Few of these, however, could stand up to field labor, and yellow fever mowed them down. The survivors deserted the fields and set themselves up as peddlers and small shopkeepers. Their living standards were low, and their readiness to accept small profits made them hated. Soon they had entrenched themselves in commerce, and were becoming wealthy as rum-shop owners and pawnbrokers. The truth is that they were a hard-working people, and lacked the grandiose notions of high-style living that the Negroes and colored people had absorbed from the Dutch and English planters.

Next to come were the Chinese, also a practical, hard-working people, and soon these, too, were prospering in commerce, though not in quite the same style as the Portuguese; they mostly remained small shopkeepers, and ran gambling-houses-cum-opium-dens and cook-shops (as slum restaurants are called).

Both the Chinese and Portuguese kept to themselves, the individuals within each group supporting one another loyally. The Chinese, too, were hated by Negroes and colored, but not with the same intensity. The Portuguese were hated for a double reason — their cut-throat commerce and their Roman Catholicism.

Between 1845 and 1917 hundreds of thousands of immigrants poured in from India. Today more than 40 per cent of the population of British Guiana is Indian, and nearly 40 per cent of Trinidad's population is of the same stock. (To differentiate between them and the aboriginal Indians, they are called *East* Indians.) Poor, uneducated, cringing, these Indians formed another group looked down upon by the older inhabitants — white, Negro and colored. They were dubbed "coolies," and to this day are called coolies, even though, like the Portuguese and Chinese, they eventually insinuated their way into commerce and the professions and even into politics. (The leading political figure today in British Guiana is Dr. Cheddi Jagan, a Communist-minded East Indian.)

To the hotch-potch of races and nationalities was added another little group — the Syrians, who came in fairly large numbers to Jamaica, Trinidad and British Guiana during the early part of the present century. They came as peddlers and tradesmen in textiles, and today are as wealthy as the Portuguese.

The Negroes and colored people have struggled along in their soap-bubble tradition of planter-grandiosity, and today most of the Negroes are still artisans and laborers and messenger-boys, postmen and policemen; the colored middle-class continue to be accountants, doctors, lawyers, business executives, shop-assistants, merchants and typists.

In 1954, the book-critic of *Time*, reviewing a novel of mine, said: "It shows what happens when the laws of the jungle are replaced by the codes of the suburbs, and it portrays with grimness the lives of colored people whose worship of ancestral jujus has changed into keeping up with the Joneses." It was obvious that this writer knew little of Caribbean colored people, otherwise he could not have implied that the colored society of this region has only recently forgotten "the laws of the jungle."

Travel writers from the north have taken pains to highlight the "superstitions" of the natives, giving such practices as *voodoo* and *obeah* far more importance than they deserve. So far as I am aware, only in Haiti is *voodoo* strongly rooted. In other territories *obeah* is something heard of as, in England and America, the average citizen would hear of, say, quack spiritualists or fortune-tellers. Only a few ignorant peasants believe in it — and, with education, these are becoming fewer and fewer.

THERE is no one national tradition among British West Indians. Each island or territory developed socially in accordance with the strongest of the conflicting European influences at work within it. Thus St. Lucia is markedly French, not only in the patois French spoken by most of its peasants but also in its religious and secular attitudes. Trinidad is strongly Catholic, too, but not to the same extent as St. Lucia; and its Gallic flavor is considerably diluted by Spanish and Anglo-Saxon elements. Further, the East Indians and Portuguese and Chinese complicated matters; they brought new foods, new customs, new outlooks — and new conflicts. British Guiana should be Dutch in outlook, but British ideas swamped those of the Dutch, and the result is something British but not quite. For, again, the influx of East Indians, Portuguese and Chinese produced modifications and nuances. Barbados has been uninterruptedly British since 1625, and because of this — also because no East Indians, Portuguese or Chinese went there — it is the most English of the islands. Many of the peasants still make use of Elizabethan expressions like "brave" (for "handsome") and "peradventure." You hear: "Very well, mistress," instead of "Very well, ma'am." In Trinidad every servant says: "Madam" — and it sounds like "Madame."

Why, the northerner might ask, since the British West Indies has been for so long in the civilized melting pot, has literature been so slow to emerge? The answer is easy: economics. Talent in all the arts has

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always been there, but has never blossomed because of poor financial support. Writers, painters, musicians, sculptors have all had to be content to give their talents second place, and earn livings as shop assistants, office clerks or government servants. There has never been (and there still is not) a publishing concern to which an aspiring novelist could send his book; the London publishers are 4,000 miles away and those in New York, much nearer, learn of Caribbean writers only when they appear in England. There has never been an orchestra to perform the works of a promising composer, no picture gallery (or group of private individuals) to support the efforts of an embryo Gauguin or Rodin. The daring few who felt they *must* make good as artists left their Caribbean homes and went to Britain. Those who compromised and remained home have made their mark in a restricted way, despite the shackles of their bread-and-butter jobs, but their success will be appreciated only by the small circle of those who know them through intimate local contact.

UP TO 1942, there was only one poet in the region of any worth — Arthur J. Seymour, a civil servant of British Guiana — then suddenly came Frank Collymore, a schoolmaster of Barbados, who has produced some of the most lyrical atmospheric verse featuring the Barbados scene that has ever appeared in print. Then Derek Walcott, a schoolteacher of St. Lucia, startled us all by pouring out in quick succession two volumes of strong, stark poetry bearing the undoubted stamp of genius—and this at the age of nineteen.

The first novels of any significance appeared in the nineteen-thirties — C. L. R. James's *Minty Alley*, which treated lyrically of barrack-yard (slum-yard) life of Port of Spain, and Alfred Mendes' *Pitch Lake*, a picture of Portuguese family intrigues within a creole frame, and *Black Fauns*, by the same author, which, like *Minty Alley*, treated of the slum scene in Port of Spain. All three works were brought out in England. Neither James nor Mendes has produced anything more. The Trinidad civil service claimed Mendes, and James entered politics.

James, a Negro, wrote in English, his mother tongue. There was no language difficulty for him, for he had been brought up in a British colony under British influences. Mendes, though a Portuguese, spoke only English, and received a thoroughly British education, so of necessity had to write in English. There is no "native" language in Trinidad, though a few of the peasants do speak a patois French not dissimilar to that spoken in St. Lucia.

No other novel by a West Indian writer appeared until 1941 when my own *Corentyne Thunder* was published in London amidst the chaos of the blitz. In those days no British Guianese would have cared to be called a "West Indian." British Guiana is a mainland colony, and therefore, felt the Guianese (and some still feel so), not to be classed with "a mere string of little islands in the Caribbean." Nevertheless, the colony's background, both politically and socially, is extremely close to that of the Caribbean islands, and it has never bothered me that I have been classed a West Indian writer. *Corentyne Thunder* was about the poor East Indian peasants who farmed and kept cows on the Corentyne Coast (extending west from the mouth of the Corentyne River). The reviews were good, but the book was smothered by the war—so much so that when my second novel, *A Morning at the Office*, appeared in 1950 it was greeted as "a first novel."

TWO years before, in 1948, had come Victor Reid's *New Day*. Reid, a Jamaican journalist, wrote this historical novel in Jamaican dialect. It is a lyrical dialect, and Reid has an excellent poetic fancy, but to readers unfamiliar with Jamaican dialect (and only Jamaicans are familiar with it) *New Day* proved difficult.

The appearance of *A Morning at the Office*, a study of Trinidad society, seemed to trigger a chain reaction. In swift succession came not only one novel a year by myself but also two works by George Lamming, *In the Castle of My Skin* and *The Emigrants*, which were part fiction and part autobiography (Lamming is from Barbados). Then followed Samuel Selvon's *A Brighter Sun* and *An Island Is a World*, both of which are pungent, down-to-earth stories dealing with East Indian peasant life in Trinidad. Selvon comes of Trinidad peasant East Indian stock.

Roger Mais of Jamaica died in 1955, but left behind him at least two powerful novels published in the early fifties — *The Hills Were Joyful Together* and *Brother Man*. His work is strongly dramatic, and he knew how to tell a story that could hold the interest from beginning to end. His characters, all peasant types,

Some Caribbean Writers

Ian Carew. *Black Midas*. Secker & Warburg.
First novel by a British Guianese. It describes the diamond mines in the interior of British Guiana, as well as the low-life of Georgetown, the capital.

John Hearne. *Stranger at the Gate*. Faber & Faber.
A novel of middle-class life in Jamaica.

George Lamming. *In the Castle of My Skin*. The Viking Press.
The author is a Barbadian (half white and half Negro). His book is a combination of autobiography and fiction, written in poetic prose.

Roger Mais. *The Hills Were Joyful Together*. Jonathan Cape.
A story of low-life in Jamaica by a writer of near-white stock. Roger Mais died in 1955.

Edgar Mittelholzer. *Children of Kaywana*. John Day. *Hubertus*. John Day. *The Old Blood*. Doubleday.
A family saga incorporating the history of British Guiana from 1611 to 1953.

V. S. Naipaul. *The Mystic Masseur*. Deutsch.
A comic novel about East Indians in Trinidad. The author, himself a Trinidad East Indian of peasant stock, is a graduate of Oxford and now lives in England.

Samuel Selvon. *Brighter Sun*. The Viking Press.
Novel about East Indian peasant life in Trinidad by an East Indian brought up in the creole tradition.

V. S. Reid. *New Day*. Alfred A. Knopf.
Novel treating of a nineteenth century historical event in Jamaica. The author, a journalist, writes in Jamaican dialect.

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are clearly drawn and entirely real.

Space does not remain in this article to discuss in detail the aims (or apparent aims) of all the Caribbean writers who have suddenly whizzed into the British literary scene within the past eight years, but this can be said of them: as might be expected from their background, they are by no means a single-purpose group. As one English critic put it recently: "They are as varied technically as they are racially. It is their variety, their vigor, their individual treatment of unhackneyed material, which distinguish them from many of the more superficially accomplished but less adventurous and less promising of their English contemporaries."

To this I can add only that it is the complex nature of their social origins, and the conflicting loyalties involved in the scheme of their race, class and economic status, which dictate that each must tread his own lone-wolf path of literary expression.

The Over-Worked Frontier

THE AMERICANS: The Colonial Experience. By Daniel J. Boorstin. Random House. 434 pp. $6.

William Appleman Williams

SEVERAL years ago, when many intellectuals were embracing the America of the Cold War as a neglected utopia, Professor Boorstin celebrated *The Genius of American Politics.* He defined the genius as that of having no political theory. We get along so well because we just go ahead and do things without getting sidetracked down the byways of organized, rigorous, speculative thought. No "whys" or "what ifs" for us—just the "how" and "let's go." Having in such manner restated and touched-up a very old theory (it is a variation on Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis), Boorstin has now applied it to the colonial period of American history.

As might be expected, Boorstin is at his best discussing the law. He spends most of the rest of his time squeezing old ideas into new sentences. Deciding that we have heard too much of witchcraft and associated neuroses, he does not discuss them. His Puritans are merely moderate men who turn from doctrine to community—but whose community is an issue he glosses over rather quickly. A bit more of this kind of respectability and there won't be anything left of the Founding Fathers but well-adjusted pragmatists.

Boorstin implies that conclusion when he explains America's propensity for total war as the result of the experiences and necessities of fighting the Indians. While a case can be made for blaming the barbarians for all our troubles, he seems to overlook the probability that his favored Puritans had as much to do with the American attitude toward war as did the evil Red Man. He claims the Puritans wanted nothing more than to be left alone, and were thus very mild-mannered, democratic folk. He even explains their act of banishing Roger Williams within this context. But in fact they can be called mild only because Williams had a place to go and was willing to stay there. The Indians were not so—so sensible, one supposes Boorstin would say: they refused to be banished without a fight. At that point, the man who wants only to be left alone can (and did) become a crusading advocate of total war—his self-asserted right to be left alone can be exercised only by exterminating the intruder. As Joseph Schumpeter once observed, the American Dream is to become "a world unto itself"; but this is not as isolationist a policy as we have liked to think.

THERE are two principal weaknesses in Boorstin's use of the frontier thesis. Though he does offer various arguments to prove the modification of old ideas by changed conditions, he does little with the interaction of such new ideas. Hence his picture of America is curiously static. Whatever else may be said of the frontier thesis as a tool for understanding America, it is capable of providing an exciting sense of men making history. But there is little of this in Boorstin's volume, a loss which cannot be altogether explained away by the fact that the approach itself is rather ancient. Nor can it be attributed to Boorstin's conservativism — many early American conservatives were exciting men.

Perhaps the answer lies in the second point at issue in connection with the frontier thesis, namely: Frontier of what? Though it undoubtedly affected them, the frontier did not stop the colonists from using established ideas and practices in grappling with new conditions. Risking the triteness of the phrase and the exaggeration in the thesis, let us just go ahead and assert that Americans took existing ideas and literally drove them into the ground. The frontier was nothing more than a vacant lot taken over for the "experiment."

Indeed, this is what Boorstin himself implies about the Puritans. But if this is what they did, then what they produced was not uniqueness but caricature — or *reductio ad absurdum.* A good argument can be made, for example, and in opposition to Boorstin, that the colonists ended up more mercantilistic than the England against which they revolted. After all, the new states refused to establish a national government; and one of the first things they did was to pass Navigation Acts aimed at one another. The case becomes even more obvious when one considers the American version of *laissez faire.*

The point of all this is rather simple. If one wants a late afternoon shot of the frontier thesis, then there is not much point in choosing Boorstin's blended. Old granddad Turner is the stuff with the kick.

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The Juggler

ANATOMY OF CRITICISM. Four Essays. By Northrop Frye. Princeton University Press. 383 pp. $6.

Thomas Vance

THIS is a brilliant but bristling book, an important though thoroughly controversial attempt to establish order in a disorderly field. For a decade to come, scholars and critics will be borrowing, improving and attacking Mr. Frye's ideas. The unprofessional reader, even the highly literate one, may at first be put off by a work which looks and is strenuous from beginning to end. But with a little persistence and good will, he too may find his way past the bristles to the points of brilliance. In the process, he will meet an odd and arresting mixture of qualities in the author—qualities which have to be appreciated before the book can be either judged or enjoyed.

Mr. Frye has wit, style, audacity, immense learning, a gift for opening up new and unexpected perspectives in the

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study of literature. At the same time he is a formidable classifier and system-builder. When the fit is on him, he can pull categories out of his sleeve like a scholastic magician. This streak of exuberant pedantry can't be entirely separated from what is exciting and creative in his work. It relates him, curiously but refreshingly, to the great jugglers of literature—from Rabelais through Swift and Sterne to Joyce—whom he has clearly read with special relish. It relates him also, in a different but complementary way, to the great architects of intricate poetic universes: Dante, Spenser, Milton, the Blake of the Prophetic Works, the Yeats of *A Vision* (Blake was the subject of Mr. Frye's earlier volume, *Fearful Symmetry*). A breath from the world of these grave or ironic masters blows through Mr. Frye's book, bringing with it something of their bent for mystification, of their disdain for the casual reader's comfort, and something, too, of their tonic vitality. In short, for all his talk about making criticism into a science or a "systematic structure of knowledge," Mr. Frye's work has in it a touch of the mythopoeic boldness which excites him in his favorite authors. Accordingly, some of his more elaborate flights are to be taken with a sprinkling of salt; then his work will show its true savor.

IT WOULD be hopeless to attempt a brief summary of Mr. Frye's dazzlingly counterpointed classifications. Let us simplify, and go to the heart of his critical thought. His first and radical assumption is that literature is a universe — not a "huge aggregate or miscellaneous pile" of separate works, but a single world, infinitely various yet self-contained and marked by an intelligible order. Here he sets himself against the whole movement of modern scholarship and criticism toward the specialized and the fragmented. Most scholars are imprisoned in their cubicles; most contemporary critics are caught in the provincialism of the "ironic mode," as Mr. Frye calls the dominant tendency of high literary culture in the twentieth century. He himself is an expert performer in the ironic mode. He knows all about Freudian complexes and Jungian archetypes, about Existentialist absurdity and semantic ambiguity. He has fully mastered the methods of the New Critics, and can outdo most of them in tracing the modulations of a sonnet by Wyatt or in explicating an episode from *Ulysses*. But his originality lies in his largeness of perspective. While he experiences the irony-centered writing of our time from within, he also perceives it from without, as one aspect of an infinitely wider world of literature.

Mr. Frye clearly owes a good deal to Eliot's notion, which he echoes with approval, that the literature of Europe from Homer has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order. But he goes beyond Eliot. He sees Eliot's "order" as the universal structure of literature, in which every single work participates. That structure is mythic at the center, though it may show any degree of realism on the surface. The principle of metaphoric identification, absolute in myth, is attenuated or rationalized in more realistic modes; but its influence is still central and vital. "In myth," Mr. Frye writes, "we see the structural principles of literature isolated; in realism we see the *same* structural principles (not similar ones) fitting into a context of plausibility." That may seem to slight realism, and perhaps Mr. Frye does favor the poets. Yet he shows himself a true admirer of Fielding, Tolstoy, Proust. He is merely attempting to see their creations as participants in the world's body of literature.

In this simplified account I have left out Mr. Frye's treatment of rhythm, his supersubtle but provocative theory of genres, his brilliant insight — suggested by Aristotle's categories but going far beyond them — into the shifting relation between plot and theme or thought in various literary forms. I have left out his labyrinths of schematic detail, for he himself, in his more self-critical moments, acknowledges them to be expendable. But perhaps I have said enough to suggest that his book has a value that outweighs its extravagances. Perhaps his view of a world of myth at the heart of literature is itself a myth. If so, it is a myth that is very much worth exploring, even in its more tedious-looking ramifications. For Mr. Frye's subtlety can be deceptive. When he seems to be splitting hairs, he is sometimes actually splitting atoms, and releasing a new measure of imaginative energy.

ART

Maurice Grosser

IN ADDITION to its celebrated international exhibition of contemporary art, the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh is holding this year (until February 8) a retrospective exhibit chosen from previous Internationals. The Institute itself is a large, formal, somber building in one of the Renaissance styles. Properly speaking, it is not an art museum but a library to which has been added a concert hall, a museum of natural history and a fine arts department. The warm and old-fashioned decoration of its lobbies, its pleasantly informal attendants, its displays of mounted dinosaurs and habitat groups, its cafeteria full of young people with books and parents with children, make it like some well-ordered, easy-going municipal club. It has none of the stiffness of a museum on guard over its treasures. Its small collection of old masters—not now on view—is an accidental, unforeseen accretion. Carnegie was not a collector of antiquities; he was an educator who planned to expose Pittsburgh to contemporary art and to encourage contemporary painting. His Institute was probably the first of modern museums.

From the beginning the Institute's exhibitions were international and had enormous—even international—prestige. The first, of 1896, showed Degas; showed and bought Whistler, Sisley, Sargent, Mary Cassatt and Boudin. Raffaëlli, a minor French Impressionist, won second prize, the jury being the art committee of the Institute. For some years thereafter, the jury was made up of ten painters elected by the contributing artists and the shows became somewhat more conventional. Except for Eakins, who won a prize in 1907, no top-class names occur in any of these first years' awards, and prizes usually went either to second-string practitioners of Manet's style of brushwork or to second-string Impressionists.

In 1922, under the new director, Homer Saint-Gaudens, the system was revamped. The prize jury, consisting of painters and occasionally of museum people, was appointed by the director himself, who also, as now, selected the contributing artists and, most probably, the particular works. Contrary to what one would expect, perhaps because a certain amount of log rolling was eliminated, shows under Saint-Gaudens became more up to date. They reflected the advanced styles of representational painting one associates with the Whitney Museum of those years, and many of the more famous European moderns—Derain, Matisse, Picasso, Bonnard and Dali—were honored with awards. Since 1950, with the appointment of Gordon Washburn as director, the character of the exhibi-

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tion has again changed to become now almost entirely non-objective.

The 95 canvases of the retrospective summarize this progress. Of the pictures, part were actually exhibited here, part are stand-ins for pictures now unavailable by the exhibiting painters. There has been, naturally, a certain amount of editing. The more unfortunate side of the nineties is represented by only two examples—a horrid *Little Red Riding Hood* by George Frederick Watts and *American Beauties,* a girl dreaming over roses in the worst calendar style. Two large pictures by Abbey and Lucien Simon, which won prizes in 1901 and 1905 and now hang in the Institute's library wing, have not been brought into the exhibition rooms. Like so much fashionable painting of the time they no longer seem very serious. To compensate, there are many fine Impressionists.

Beginning with 1922, the selection is more varied. Almost every famous name is represented and with particularly well-chosen works. There are three beautiful Bonnards, three characteristic Picassos of which two are the finest possible (one a synthetic Cubist and one a pink), a 1926 *Odalisque* by Matisse in stained glass color, the most convincing examples of German Expressionism I have yet seen, one of the best of Klee and one of the best of Rouault. There is an extraordinary work—a full-length portrait of an elegant black man in full dress uniform *(The Haitian Ambassador)*—by Kees van Dongen, a fine painter one unfortunately never sees. It is a brilliant and praiseworthy show.

THE contemporary international exhibition is even more brilliant, but more difficult to remember. It is enormous—almost 500 pieces, of which one-fourth are sculpture—and very successful as to sales. Even this early there are ninety-four gold stars. The pictures themselves are almost all large and showy. Very little of the work is representational (though the gold stars occur in much higher proportion on these) and almost none of it offers a conventionally recognizable image. Every imaginable device of pattern, texture, color, or even association is employed for attracting the attention: A black-and-white checkerboard, distorted as if by superposed lenses, dazzles the eyes until it seems to move. Adjoining it is another picture, white with black spots, which does move because the spots are motorized. One canvas offers a regular sequence of the ten digits cut from newspapers and half covered with gray paint. A Picasso donkey brays at three Van Gogh sunflowers. All the prize-winners are non-objective, although the fourth prize, *Changeable Weather,* by Vieira da Silva, might conceivably represent a street in a drizzle of rain. The first and third prizes, each of more than thirty-six square feet, are respectively a low bas-relief in gray-painted *papier-pâte*, and a loosely attached assemblage of strips of wood veneer.

The non-objective style is clearly international; thirty-one nations are represented. The Japanese seem most consistently successful in it—not surprising since calligraphy and texture are the fundamentals of their classical painting. The Italians have fine paint quality, the Spaniards show frequently a brutal brush stroke, while the Americans seem fond of the incontinent drooling characteristic of Hans Hoffman's studio school; the French try out a little of everything. Amid such exuberance, even the brashest representational painting in the show —John Bratby's huge bright *Interior with Monopoly Board* with child and nude and higgledy-piggledy furnishings —seems tender and restrained, and the more conservative painting of Wyeth and Kokoschka looks distinctly out of place.

THE character of an exhibition like this—since the world is full of painters and all sorts of pictures—depends principally on who does the choosing. A group of painters picking out a show is likely to favor immediate associates. However catholic their professional judgment may be and however strict their respect for technical excellence, practicing artists will not actively champion work very different from their own. A group of collectors will be more liberal. They will tend to sponsor all the various kinds of work they would themselves collect. Their selection, based on estimations of a picture's permanent value, will be inclusive though conservative. An exhibition director, on the other hand, has neither the painter's narrow professional loyalties nor the collector's interest in solid acquisitions. He wishes above all to make an effective show. And the high brilliance and visibility of the present International characterizes it at once as a director's choice. A director of Burlington House once explained to me, and only half jokingly, that the aims of a modern painter should be two—to out-shout any other picture in an exhibition and to look well by electric light. A director of the present Institute, no more interested than the Royal Academy in permanent collection, cannot but have a similar point of view. His aim is brilliance and he will accept anything that is newsworthy.

In the present case he has been enormously successful. The exhibit here presents the most extreme the world has to offer in the way of visibility and novelty. But visibility and novelty are now academic qualities. The techniques of high visibility now form the principal study in the most conservative art schools. And—since the serious painting of the last eighty years has for the most part revolted against conservative standards — the students learn as academic dogma that art can exist only as a progression from one novelty to another. Visibility emptied of all content, even sexual, and novelty that no longer surprises can make a show dazzling and diverting, but they make it at the same time almost impossible to remember from one day to the next. One wonders whether any of it will keep our affection even as long as the Zuloaga and Sorolla, still hanging in the library entrance hall, which were so visible and shocking forty years ago.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

IT REQUIRES great intelligence and great taste to construct a modern story within the symbolism of Christ's Passion. Nikos Kazantzakis, the late novelist, succeeded memorably in *The Greek Passion* and Jules Dassin, with a company of French actors working in Crete, has brought it beautifully to the screen in a picture which is here called *He Who Must Die*.

I regret the American title because I fear it will put people off this fine movie and because it suggests a parallel with the Christian story much more exact than Kazantzakis intends. Anyone who attempts to "re-tell" Christ's experience in modern context is fated either to sacrilege or bathos; Kazantzakis, a scholar and a poet, had nothing of the sort in mind. His story is of Greek opposed to Greek in the time of the Turkish oppression; he has set it in a town preparing to offer its traditional Passion play because he wants to throw specific political and social events into the permanent ethical form of a fable. The villagers are assigned their roles with some approximate suitability (thus, the leather worker who is dubbed Judas is "such a man" — black, impulsive, self-destructive), and their momentary preoccupation with the great legend does strengthen their response to the crisis which envelops them. But, though the luxurious Turks suggest the Romans, and though a shepherd dies to save his people, the persuasive equivalents are in the spirit of the story, not in its events.

The quality evoked is one of unstressed profundity, and Dassin conveys it to the screen in images that are dramatically uncluttered and visually beautiful. The bone-clean setting helps him immeasurably (the direct photography is a joy) and he guides his cast through the narrative as though they were truly Greek villagers, peasant and patrician, beset by a humane dilemma. Despite the overtones of the picture, the actors remain flexibly human and specific, never stiffening into presentments of allegory. In style and narrative the picture has the simplicity of real elegance, a courage to deal with moral absolutes as being the business of men. There is great feeling in it, a mature bitterness that scorns despair, but there is no touch of bombast.

Virtue in our day has become a public-relations commodity; it is packaged and promoted and made remarkable by manipulators who understand its market value. Every time Hollywood takes up a "cause," it calls on the angels to witness. Therefore it is moving to be reminded by the creators and performers of *He Who Must Die* that man in his natural state can choose between good and evil without striking attitudes.

MY EXPECTATIONS for *A Night to Remember* were perhaps too high, but the sinking of the *Titanic* ought to have made a brilliant melodramatic spectacle. In fact, it seemed a little tedious.

Technically, the picture is ingenious and the large cast carries out its work with polished verisimilitude — I am convinced that this is very much what it was like when the great Cunarder sank. But in theatre terms the picture lacks drama — it offers only action. That is because there is no struggle. The vessel will sink in a stated number of hours, there is room in the lifeboats for a stated number of people — the plot works out to a problem in logistics.

Off on the horizon lies the *California*, whose officers see the distress flares but think them some sort of tomfoolery. These slack mariners, second-rate men on a second-rate ship, convey a kind of passive villainy, and in their scenes the heat of anger animates the picture.

But otherwise, and despite the vigorous performance of Kenneth More as the *Titanic's* second officer, the movie settles down into a disaster machine. It is not just that the end is known — great theatre often works toward a foregone conclusion — it is that no one lifts his fist against the inevitable.

ANOTHER, much less elaborate, re-enactment of desperate true adventure is the Norwegian film, *Nine Lives*, made by Arne Skouen from the book, *We Die Alone*, by David Howarth. It describes the dreadful experiences of Jan Baalsrud, a Norwegian commando fighter who was the sole survivor of a raid into a northern fiord and who escaped across country to Sweden. Baalsrud was wounded, snow-blinded; he suffered gangrene and became crazed by hardship and loneliness (for days he lay alone in a mountain crevice).

When the escaping man could no longer move a step on his own, he was carried forward in a litter by fishermen and mountaineers who risked their lives by merely knowing of him. The mountain and sea panoramas of this picture are glorious, the agile skills of the climbers and sailors are brilliant and exciting. It is accurate and not disrespectful to say that *Nine Lives* is a sports film—with a life the stake, and time always running out.

In places the imported print seemed to have been cut, or perhaps the captions fail to make clear certain essential points in the struggle to outwit and outrun the Germans. At any rate, some of the mishaps and delays were perplexing and it was a puzzle how the patriot groups were able to communicate back and forth across mountains and water. However, the main drive and the central agony are clear as ice. The picture is an account, told in laconic, documentary style, of endurance and courage so improbable that they would never serve in fiction.

We Who Are Civilized Salute Ourselves

Strangers in the mob of our resemblances
we posture for one another, greedy
for bravos and the rainy noise
of handclaps

set up the cross on hill or lawn
blaspheme each other's holies, cauterize
the foreigner in the flesh and cramp
the unassenting mind

Unlike the brutal infant who hams
for his concentric self and roars at his own
pratfalls, we are involved with audiences
and enemies

The baby is a little milky beast
battering the five-barred playpen of the senses
while we suck one another's thumb and are not
self regardant.

DILYS LAING

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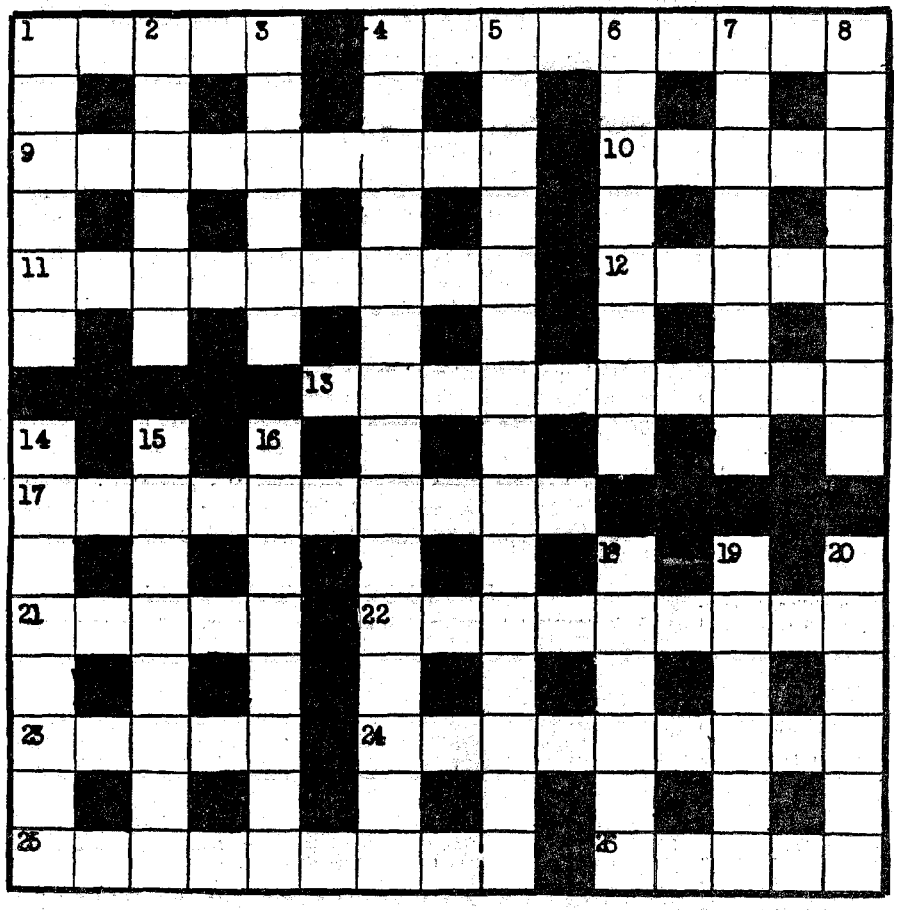
Crossword Puzzle No. 803

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Runs smoothly, like an expensive car? (5)
4 See 26 across
9 Notice away up there? One is rather pretentious (4-5)
10 Bank on 1 across, if you want to see what contains these. (5)
11 A fast idea of an anti-spasmodic. (9)
12 Descriptive of that scared look—like "chicken"! (5)
13 If Old Gunn's disturbed, so are some of Gilbert's babes! (10)
17 Reputedly used to be Mother-in-law's position. (6, 4)
21 If he were very soft-hearted, the sportsman would become skipper. (5)
22 Lies entangled with the weeds growing where the 21 might go (9)
23 Addle-pated Irishman? (5)
24 Repeaters might be in the process. (9)
25 Tent-wires on the stage—logically for the Christmas play? (9)
26 and 4 across The general idea of what one might draw on? (5, 2, 7)

DOWN:

1 Are the fixings for what you might do with left-overs? (6)
2 Associated with press and mangle. (6)
3 Allow bad feeling if you do. (6)
4 Cause of a sort! (6, 2, 7)
5 The story might not be completely finished, but was evidently bought cheaply. (7, 8)
6 Railroad a helping friend according to his heredity? (8)
7 Tallying with the sign of the V? (8)
8 Simplicity of theme, as in essays. (8)
14 Not a very courtly genuflection of the arbalest. (8)
15 Marc said it should be made of sterner stuff. (8)
16 Reputedly drowned in a malmsey-butt. (8)
18 Obtain a sort of skew, at what the playful nipper does. (6)
19 Shackle peg with a possibly negative end. (6)
20 67½ degrees in 157½ for the old brother. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 802

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Silence in Court; 9 Wearing; 10 Freedom; 11 Undue; 13 Slice; 14 and 16 Turkish Delight; 24 Famed; 26, 18 across and 7 The Sun Is My Undoing; 27 Cameo; 28 Rossini; 29 Grieved; 30 Nostrum; 31 Swindle. DOWN: 1 Sawdust; 2 Leander; 3 Noise; 4 English; 5 Infield; 6 Crews; 8 Tempest; 15 and 21 across Ins and Outs; 17 and 12 Lidice; 18 Saffron; 19 Nemesis; 20 Yttrium; 21 Avenges; 22 Unmoved; 23 Spondee; 25 Drier; 27 Chili.

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BY the travel editor of The Christian Science Monitor:

Many fascinating travel booklets pass over this desk in the course of a year but the one that arrived the other day so interested this department that it cost the office several hours of work in order that we might absorb its contents. The booklet is entitled "Travel Routes Around the World" and is the traveler's directory to passenger-carrying freighters and liners. In no time at all you find yourself far out to sea cruising along under tropical skies without a care in the world. You find yourself docking at strange ports and taking land tours to those places you long have read about. Most interesting of the vast listings of ships are the freighters which carry a limited number of passengers in quarters comparable to the luxury offered in the so-called big cruise ships which devote most of their space for passengers.

The booklet first of all answers the question: What is a freighter? The modern freighter, says the booklet, ranks with the deluxe passenger vessels so far as comfort and accommodations are concerned.

LARGE ROOMS WITH BEDS

It is important to realize that in most cases today, freighter passengers are considered first-class passengers, although the rates charged are generally on a par with either cabin or tourist-class fare. Most passenger-carrying freighters, to quote the booklet, have their private bath and shower, and these cabins offer beds, not bunks. The rooms are generally larger than equivalent accommodations aboard passenger ships, and the cabin of a modern freighter is sometimes even twice as large as first-class cabins on some of the older passenger ships. It goes without saying that your room is on the outside, and amidships, the most expensive of all locations, for which you are usually charged a premium over the advertised minimum fares on passenger ships.

This booklet points out that it is frequently astonishing how low freighter fares are as compared with passenger ship fares; for example, less than one-half of the passenger ship fare to California is the amount asked on freighters. On most of the longer runs, the difference in favor of the freighters is regularly from a third to half of the passenger ship fare.

SERVICE AND MEALS RATED EXCELLENT

Service and meals on a freighter leave little to be desired. You will be treated with consideration. Stewards will go out of their way to make your voyage pleasant. On ships with East Indian stewards you will be waited on almost hand and foot, in a manner that is completely unknown to Americans and most Europeans.

Foreign ships offer their own specialties says the booklet. Thus vessels in the East Indian trade serve Rijkstafel, the East Indian dish which can run to as many as 50 different courses, Scandinavian ships serve Smorgasbord every day and some of their desserts (like strawberries smothered in a huge bowl of whipped cream) are never forgotten. Another feature of freighter travel is in its informality. No formal clothes are needed. Sport clothes are enough.

Other valuable information such as how to tip, shipboard activities and costs are covered in the booklet, "Travel Routes Around the World." Some of the trips listed include a trip to England for $160, a 12-day Caribbean cruise for $240, or a leisurely three-month Mediterranean voyage.

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